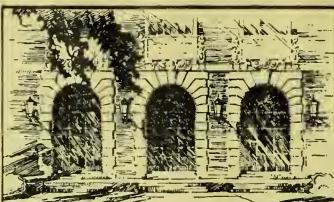


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# *Delia.*

By SAMUEL DANIEL.

1592



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The Rev'd  
J. W. Elsworth  
from his old friend  
J. P. C. who  
thanks you howe  
it not.  
INTRODUCTION.

## INTRODUCTION.

THIS is as exact a facsimile as can be furnished in type of the earliest known edition of Samuel Daniel's "Delia", and it has been made from what we believe to be an unique copy of that impression.

Even the misprints and mispunctuations have been preserved, in order that our readers may be aware of the precise state in which the first thoughts of one of our most distinguished old Poets were originally presented to the lovers of poetry, near the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Some of the errors of the press are noted at the back of the author's title-page, but others are left uncorrected; and a remarkable instance will be seen in the last stanza of the last page, where "vanquisht" has been printed for *vanish*—a gross blunder preserved, however, in what we take to be the second impression of the same poem in 1592. This peculiarity belongs to the later portion of our volume, "The Complaint of Rosamond"; but it seems certain that there was a still older edition of that poem (an imitation of the legends in "The Mirror for Magistrates") which is deficient of many stanzas, and was evidently the author's first draught. Of this curiosity we hope hereafter to procure a transcript, and in that case we shall certainly reprint it in the form it bears.

The work in the reader's hands consists of two parts, and we apprehend that they were separately published by Daniel: the "Delia", we think, came out by itself in 1592, and, as will be seen, continues as far as sign. H 2: here it originally terminated; but as "The Complaint of Rosamond" was then known and

popular, it was appended for the sake of greater attraction, and, since the printer's signatures for that portion begin with B b, something must have preceded it. What that something was can only be matter of speculation—most probably not the “Delia”, as in the copy we have used, and to which the enlarged “Complaint of Rosamond” was appended. In the last stanza of “The Complaint of Rosamond” the poet evidently refers to youthful productions, already published to “the world”, and these may possibly have originally preceded his “Complaint of Rosamond”. Daniel began writing in 1585, and it is not at all unlikely that, in the interval between that date and 1592, he had put in type some firstling specimens of his poetical powers: we know that not a few of his sonnets, etc., were surreptitiously published in 1591 by “a greedy printer”, of whom our author complains in the dedication to his “Delia”. This “greedy printer” was Thomas Newman, who made free with no fewer than twenty-eight separate productions by Daniel, besides others by the Earl of Oxford, and some anonymous contemporaries. See *Bibl. and Crit. Account*, 1865, i, 37.

We add, for the purpose of recognition, the first lines of four sonnets which are given by Newman to Daniel, and which we do not recollect to have met with elsewhere.

“The onely bird alone that Nature frames” &c.

“The slei Inchanter, when to worke his will” &c.

“The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere” &c.

“Way but the cause, & giue me leaue to plaine me” &c.

These and others may, prior to 1592, have preceded an edition of “The Complaint of Rosamond”, such as we see it before the author enlarged it by the many excellent stanzas found in our reprint.

J. P. C.

# *Delia.*

Contayning certayne  
Sonnets: vwith the  
complaint of  
*Rosamond.*  
(. . .)

 *Aetas prima canat veneres  
postrema tumultus.*

*Samuel Daniel*



AT LONDON,  
Printed by I. C. for Si-  
mon Waterfon, dwelling in  
Paules Church-yard, at  
*the signe of the Crowne.*  
1592.

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader, I pray thee correct those faultes  
escaped in the printing, finding them as they  
are noted heere following.

Sonnet 5. most vnkyndest, reade sweete vnkyndest  
Sonnet 14. Yer leaſt, read Yet leaſt  
Sonnet 20. desires, read desiers  
Sonnet 36. yee, read yce  
Sonnet 41. her brow, read her troubled brow  
Sonnet 44. tunres, reade turnes.

821  
D22a  
1870

English



TO THE RIGHT HO-  
nourable the Ladie *Mary*,  
Countesse of Pembroke.

**R**ight honorable, although I rather desired to keep in the priuate passions of my youth, from the multitude, as things vtterd to my selfe, and consecrated to silence: yet seeing I was betraide by the indiscretion of a greedie Printer, and had some of my secrets bewraide to the world, uncorrected: doubting the like of the rest, I am forced to publish that which I neuer ment. But this wrong was not onely doone to mee, but to him whose unmatchable lines haue indured the like misfortune; Ignorance sparing not to commit sacrilege vpon so holy Reliques. Yet Astrophel, flying with the wings of his own fame, a higher pitch then the gross-sighted can discerne. hath registred his owne name in the *Annals*

## The Epistle.

*nals of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoeuer disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that my vnboldned Muse is forced to appeare so rawly in publique; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happie and iudicall Patronesse of the Muses (a glory hereditary to your house) to preserue them from those hidious beastes, Obliuion and Barbarisme. Wherebey you doe not onely possesse the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an euer gratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must suruiue your selfe. And if my lines heereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world, they must remaine the monuments of your honourable fauour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee, who am vowed to your honour in all obseruancy for euer,*

Samuel Danyell.

## *To Delia.*

### Sonnet I.

Vnto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie  
Runs this poore river, charg'd with stremes of zeale :  
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,  
Which heere my loue, my youth, my playnts reueale.

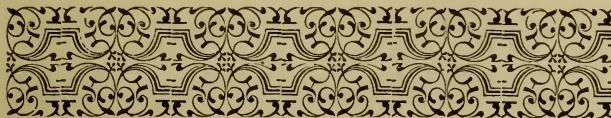
Heere I vnclaspe the booke of my charg'd soule,  
Where I haue cast th'accounts of all my care :  
Heere haue I summ'd my sighes, heere I enroule  
Howe they were spent for thee ; Looke what they are.

Looke on the deere expences of my youth,  
And see how iust I reckon with thyne eyes :  
Examine well thy beautie with my trueth,  
And crosse my cares ere greater summes arise.

Reade it sweet maide, though it be doone but flightly ;  
who can shewe all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

B I

Goe



## Sonnet II.

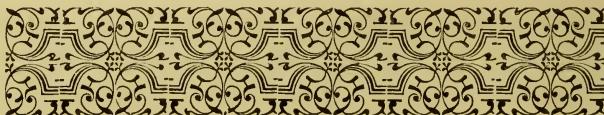
Goe wailing verfe, the infants of my loue,  
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a Mother :  
Prefent the image of the cares I proue,  
Witnes your Fathers grieve exceeds all other.

Sigh out a story of her cruell deedes,  
With interrupted accents of dispayre :  
A Monument that whosoeuer reedes,  
May iustly prafe, and blame my loueles Faire.

Say her disdaine hath dried vp my blood,  
And starued you, in succours still denying :  
Presse to her eyes, importune me some good ;  
Waken her sleeping pittie with your crying.

Knock at that hard hart, beg till you haue moou'd her ;  
And tell th'unkind, how deerely I haue lou'd her.

If



### Sonnet III.

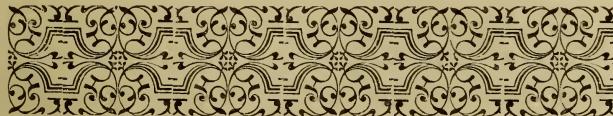
If so it hap this of-spring of my care,  
These fatall Antheames, sad and mornefull Songes :  
Come to their view, who like afflicted are ;  
Let them yet sigh their owne, and mone my wrongs.

But vntouch'd harts, with vnaffected eye,  
Approch not to behold so great distresse :  
Cleer-sighted you, soone note what is awry,  
Whilst blinded ones mine errours neuer gesse.

You blinded soules whom youth and errours lead,  
You outcast Eglets, dazled with your funne :  
Ah you, and none but you my sorrowes read,  
You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath dunne.

That she hath doone, the motiue of my paine ;  
Who whilst I loue, doth kill me with disdaine.

Thefe



## Sonnet IIII.

These plaintive verse, the Posts of my desire,  
Which haste for succour to her flowe regarde :  
Beare not report of any slender fire,  
Forging a grieve to winne a fames rewardre.

Nor are my passions limnd for outward hewe,  
For that no collours can depaynt my sorrowes :  
*Delia* her selfe, and all the world may viewe  
Best in my face, how cares hath til'd deepe sorrowes.

No Bayes I seeke to deck my mourning brow,  
O clear-eyde Rector of the holie Hill :  
My humble accents craue the Olyue bow,  
Of her milde pittie and relenting will.

These lines I vse, t'unburthen mine owne hart ;  
My loue affects no fame, nor steeemes of art.

Whilft



## Sonnet V.

Whilst youth and error led my wandring minde,  
And set my thoughts in heedeles waies to range :  
All vnawares a Goddesse chaste I finde,  
Diana-like, to worke my fuddaine change.

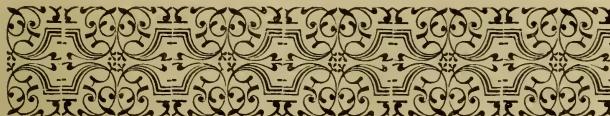
For her no sooner had my view bewrayd,  
But with disdaine to see me in that place :  
With fairest hand the most vnkindest maide,  
Castes water-cold disdaine vpon my face.

Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,  
Which still is chac'd, whilst I haue any breath,  
By mine owne thoughts : set on me by my faire,  
My thoughts like houndes, pursue me to my death.

Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,  
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

B 3

Fayre



## Sonnet VI.

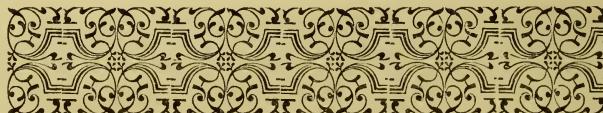
Faire is my loue, and cruell as sh'is faire ;  
Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes are funny ;  
Her Smiles are lightning, though her pride dispaire ;  
And her disdaines are gall ; her fauours hunny.

A modest maide, deckt with a blush of honour,  
Whose feete doe treade greene pathes of youth and loue,  
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her :  
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue.

Chastitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,  
Liue reconciled friends within her brow :  
And had she pittie to conioine with those,  
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now.

O had she not beene faire, and thus vnkinde,  
My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde

O



## Sonnet VII.

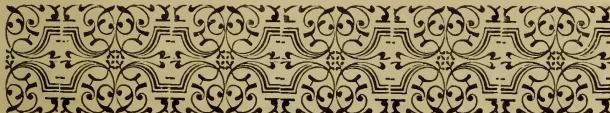
O had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,  
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes :  
The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,  
And Clowdes obscure had shaded still her brightnes.

Then had no Censors eye these lines suruaide,  
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muse so vaine ;  
No funne my blush and errorr had bewraide,  
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdaine.

Then had I walkt with bold erected face,  
No down-cast looke had signified my mis :  
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace  
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.

For being full, shouldest not I then haue spoken :  
My sence oppref'd, had fail'd ; and hart had broken.

Thou



## Sonnet VIII.

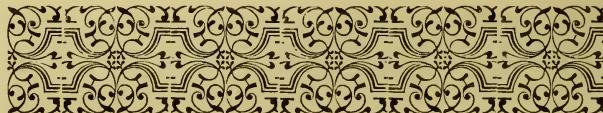
Thou poore hart sacrifiz'd vnto the fairest,  
Hast sent the incens of thy fighes to heauen :  
And still against her frownes fresh vowes repayrefst,  
And made thy passions with her beautie euen.

And you mine eyes the agents of my hart,  
Told the dumbe message of my hidden grieve :  
And oft with carefull turnes, with silent art,  
Did treate the cruell Fayre to yeelde reliefe.

And you my verse, the Aduocates of loue,  
Haue followed hard the processe of my case :  
And vrg'd that title which dooth plainly proue,  
My faith should win, if iustice might haue place.

Yet though I see, that nought we doe can moue her,  
Tis not disdaine must make me leauue to loue her.

It



## Sonnet IX.

If this be loue, to drawe a weary breath,  
Painte on flowdes, till the shore, crye to th'ayre :  
With downward lookes, still reading on the earth ;  
The sad memorials of my loues despaire.

If this be loue, to warre against my soule,  
Lye downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieue me :  
The neuer-resting stome of care to roule,  
Still to complaine my greifes, and none releue me.

If this be loue, to cloath me with darke thoughts,  
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile apart ;  
My pleasures horror, Musique tragicke notes,  
Teares in my eyes, and sorrowe at my hart.

If this be loue, to liue a liuing death ;  
O then loue I, and drawe this weary breath.

C

O



## Sonnet X.

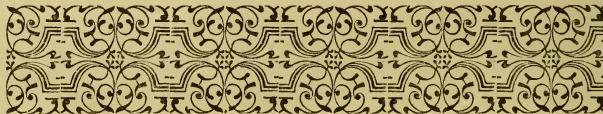
O then I loue, and drawe this weary breath,  
For her the cruell faire, within whose brow  
I written finde the sentence of my death,  
In vnkinde letters ; wrought she cares not how.

O thou that rul'st the confines of the night,  
Laughter-louing Gods, worldly pleasures Queene,  
Intenerat that hart that sets so light,  
The truest loue that euer yet was seene.

And cause her leave to triumph in this wife,  
Vpon the prostrate spoyle of that poore harte :  
That serues a trophy to her conquering eyes,  
And must their glorie to the world imparte.

Once let her know, sh'hath done enough to proue me:  
And let her pittie if she cannot loue me,

Teares



## Sonnet XI.

Teares, vowes, and prayers win the hardest hart :  
Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I spent in vaine ;  
Teares, cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuart,  
Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.

I lose my teares, where I haue lost my loue,  
I vowe my faith, where it is not regarded ;  
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue :  
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Yet though I cannot win her will with teares,  
Though my soules Idoll scorneth all my vowes ;  
Though all my prayers be to so deafe eares :  
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes.

Yet will I weepe, vowe, pray to cruell Shee ;  
Flint, Frost, Disdaine, weares, melts, and yeeldswe see.

C 2

My



## Sonnet XII.

My spotles loue houuers with white wings :  
About the temple of the proudest frame :  
Where blaze thofe lights fayrest of earthly things,  
Which cleere our clouded world with brightest flame.

M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,  
Affect no honour, but what she can giue mee :  
My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,  
I weygh no comfort vnleffe fhe releue mee.

For fhe that can my hart imparadize,  
Holdes in her fairest hand what deerest is :  
My fortunes wheele, the circle of her eyes,  
Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.

All my liues sweete consifts in her alone,  
So much I loue the most vnlouing one.

Behold



## Sonnet XIII.

Behold what happe *Pigmaleon* had to frame,  
And carue his proper grieve vpon a stome :  
My heauie fortune is much like the same,  
I worke on Flint, and that's the cause I mone.

For haples loe euen with mine owne desires,  
I figured on the table of my harte :  
The fayrest forme, the worldes eye admires,  
And so did perish by my proper arte.

And still I toile, to chaunge the marble brest  
Of her, whose sweetest grace I doe adore :  
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,  
Hard is her hart and woe is me therefore.

O happie he that ioy'd his stome and arte,  
Vnhappy I to loue a stony harte.

C 3

Thos



## Sonnet X<sup>IV</sup>.

Those amber locks, are those fame nets my deere,  
Wherewith my libertie thou didst surprize :  
Loue was the flame, that fired me so neere,  
The darte transpear sing, were those Christall eyes.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame ;  
Deepe is the wounde, my sighes do well report :  
Yet doe I loue, adore, and praise the fame,  
That holdes, that burnes, that wounds me in this sort.

And list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,  
The bonde, the flame, the wound that festreth so ;  
By knife, by lyquor, or by falue to deale :  
So much I please to perish in my wo.

Yer least long trauailes be aboue my strength,  
Good *Delia* lose, quench, heale me now at length.

If



## Sonnet XV.

If that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,  
If a sweete languish with a chaste desire :  
If hunger-staruen thoughts so long retayned,  
Fed but with smoake, and cherisht but with fire.

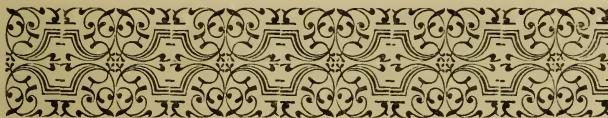
And if a brow with cares characters painted,  
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe spoken ;  
To her that fits in my thoughts Temple sainted,  
And layes to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open.

If I haue doone due homage to her eyes,  
And had my sighes styll tending on her name :  
If on her loue my life and honour lyes ;  
And she th'vnkindest maide still scornes the same.

Let this suffice, the world yet may see ;

The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must bee.

Happie



## Sonnet XVI.

Happie in sleepe, waking content to languish,  
Imbracing cloudes by night, in day time morne :  
All things I loath sauе her and mine owne anguish,  
Pleas'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne.

Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady,  
Hoarce with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit ;  
So many vowes and prayers euer made I,  
That now at length t'yeelde, meere pittie were it.

But still the *Hydra* of my cares renuing,  
Reuiues new sorrowes of her fresh disdayning ;  
Still must I goe the Summer windes pursueng :  
Finding no ende nor Period of my payning.

Waile all my life, my griefes do touch so neerely,  
And this I liue, because I loue her deerely.

Since



## Sonnet XVII.

Since the first looke that led me to this error,  
To this thoughts-maze, to my confusion tending :  
Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in terror,  
The circle of my sorrowes neuer ending.

Yet cannot leauue her loue that holdes me hatefull,  
Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines mee :  
See what reward he hath that serues th'vngratefull,  
So true and loyall loue no fauours gaines mee.

Still must I whet my younge desires abated,  
Vppon the Flint of such a hart rebelling ;  
And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,  
She yeeldes no place at all for pitties dwelling.

Oft haue I tolde her that my soule did loue her,  
And that with teares, yet all this will not moue her.

D.

Restore



## Sonnet XVIII.

Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,  
Yelde *Cithereas* sonne those Arkes of loue ;  
Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,  
And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue.

Yelde thy hands pride vnto th'yuory whight,  
*T'Arabian* odors giue thy breathing sweete :  
Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,  
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.

Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resigned,  
And thy sweete voyce giue backe vnto the Spheares :  
But yet restore thy feare and cruell minde,  
To *Hyrcan* Tygers, and to ruthles Beares.

Yelde to the Marble thy hard hart againe ;  
So shalt thou ceafe to plague, and I to paine.

If



## Sonnet XIX.

If Beautie thus be clouded with a frowne,  
That pittie shines no comfort to my blis :  
And vapors of disdaine so ouergrownne,  
That my liues light thus wholy darkned is.

Why should I more molest the world with cryes ?  
The ayre with sighes, the earth belowe with teares ?  
Since I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eyes,  
Vexing with vntun'd moane, her daintie eares.

If I haue lou'd her deerer then my breath,  
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it :  
And still must holde her deere till after death.  
And if that all this cannot moue a whit ;

Yet let her say that she hath doone me wrong,  
To vse me thus and knowe I lou'd so long.

D 2

Come

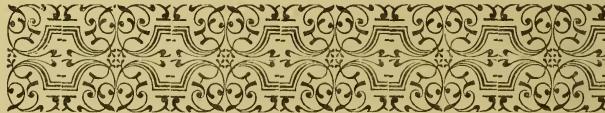


## Sonnet XX.

Come death the Anchor-holde of all my thoughtes,  
My last Resort whereto my foule appealeth ;  
For all too long on earth my fancy dotes,  
Whilst my best blood my younge desires fealeth.

That hart is now the prospectiue of horror,  
That honored hath the cruelst faire that lyueth :  
The cruelst faire, that fees I languish for her,  
Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.  
This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,  
To tread me downe with foote of her disgrace :  
Whilst I did builde my fortune in her eyes,  
And laide my liues rest on so faire a face ;  
That rest I lost, my loue, my life and all,  
So high attempts to lowe disgraces fall.

These



## Sonnet XXI.

These forrowing fighes, the fmaokes of mine annoy ;  
These teares, which heate of sacred flame distils ;  
Are these due tributes that my faith dooth pay  
Vnto the tyrant ; whose vnkindnes kils.

I sacrifize my youth, and blooming yeares,  
At her proud feete, and she respects not it :  
My flowre vntimely's withred with my teares,  
And winter woes, for spring of youth vnfitt.

She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,  
And so with lookes prolongs my long-lookt ease :  
As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,  
Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appeafe.

Thus she returnes my hopes so fruitlesse euer,  
Once let her loue indeede, or eye me neuer.

D 3

False



## Sonnet XXII.

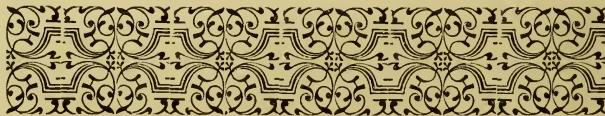
False hope prolongs my euer certaine griefe ;  
Traytrous to me and faithfull to my loue :  
A thousand times it promis'd me reliefe,  
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.

Oft when I finde in her no trueth at all,  
I banish her, and blame her trechery :  
Yet soone againe I must her backe recall,  
As one that dyes without her company.

Thus often as I chase my hope from mee,  
Straight way she hastes her vnto *Delia's* eyes :  
Fed with some pleasing looke there shall she bee,  
And so sent backe and thus my fortune lyes.

Looke feede my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine ;  
Hopes are vnsure, when certaine is my paine.

Looke



## Sonnet XXIII.

Looke in my grieves, and blame me not to morne,  
From care to care that leades a life so bad ;  
Th'Orphan of fortune, borne to be her scorne,  
Whose clouded brow dooth make my daies so sad.

Long are their nights whose cares doe neuer sleepe  
Loathsome their daies, whome no sunne euer ioyde :  
Her fairest eyes doe penetrate so deepe,  
That thus I liue booth day and night annoyde.

But since the sweetest roote doth yeeld thus much,  
Her praise from my complaint I may not part :  
I loue th'effect for that the cause is such,  
Ile praise her face, and blame her flintie hart.

Whilst that wee make the world admire at vs,  
Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

Oft



## Sonnet XXIIII.

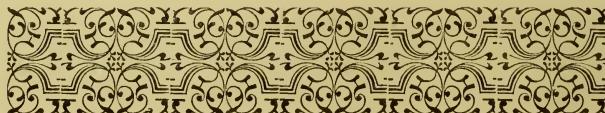
Oft and in vaine my rebel thoughts haue venterd,  
To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart :  
And shut those waies my friendly foe first entred,  
Hoping thereby to free my better part.

And whilst I garde these windowes of this forte,  
Where my harts theefe to vexe me made her choice :  
And thether all my forces doe transporthe,  
An other passage opens at her voice.

Her voyce betraies me to her hand and eye :  
My freedomes tyrants conquering all by arte :  
But ah, what glorie can she get thereby,  
With three such powers to plague one silly harte.

Yet my soules foueraigne, since I must resigne ;  
Reigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Reigne



## Sonnet XXV.

Raigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweete eye, rare voyce,  
Posseſſe me whole, my harts triumuirat :  
Yet heauie hart to make ſo hard a choife,  
Of ſuch as ſpoile thy poore afflicted ſtate,

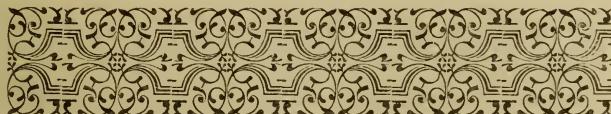
For whilſt they ſtrive which ſhall be Lord of all,  
All my poore life by them is troden downe :  
They all erect their Trophies on my fall.  
And yeelde me nougħt that giues them their renowne.

When backe I looke, I ſighe my freedome paſt,  
And waile the ſtate wherein I preſent ſtande :  
I ſee my fortune euer like to laſt,  
Finding me rain'd with ſuch a heauie hande ;

What can I doo but yeeld, and yeeld I doo,  
And ferue all three, and yet they ſpoile me too.

E.

Whilſt



## Sonnet XXVI.

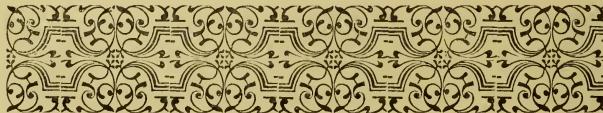
Whilst by her eyes purfu'd, my poore hart flew it,  
Into the sacred bosome of my dearest :  
She there in that sweete sanctuary flew it,  
Where it presum'd his safetie to be nearest.

My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,  
That was with blood and three yeeres witnes signed :  
In all which time she neuer could suspect it,  
For well she fawe my loue, and how I pined.

And yet no comfort would her brow reueale mee.  
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth :  
What bootes to lawes of succour to appeale mee ?  
Ladies and tyrants, neuer lawes respecteth.

Then there I dye, where hop'd I to haue liuen ;  
And by that hand, which better might haue giuen.

The



## Sonnet XXVII.

The starre of my mishappe impos'd this payning,  
To spend the Aprill of my yeers in wayling,  
That neuer found my fortune but in wayning,  
With still fresh cares my present woes assayling.

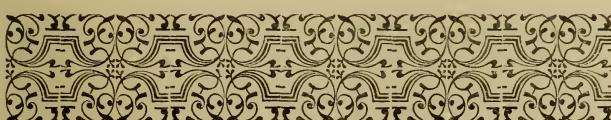
Yet her I blame not, though she might haue blest mee,  
But my desires wings so high aspiring :  
Now melted with the funne that hath possest mee,  
Downe doe I fall from off my high desiring ;

And in my fall doe cry for mercy speedy,  
No pittyng eye lookes back vpon my mourning :  
No helpe I finde when now most fauour neede I,  
Th' Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning,

And this my death shall christen her anew,  
And giue the cruell Faire her tytle dew.

E 2

Ray-



## Sonnet XXVIII.

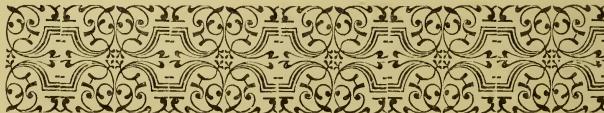
Raysing my hopes on hills of high desire,  
Thinking to skale the heauen of her hart :  
My flender meanes presum'd too high a part ;  
Her thunder of disdaine forst me retire ;

And threw mee downe to paine in all this fire,  
Where loe I languish in so heauie smart,  
Because th'attempt was farre aboue my arte :  
Her pride brook'd not poore soules shold come so nyher.

Yet I protest my high aspyring will,  
Was not to dispossesse her of her right :  
Her soueraignty should haue remayned still,  
I onely fought the bliffe to haue her fight.

Her fight contented thus to see me spill,  
Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

O



## Sonnet XXIX.

O why dooth *Delia* credite so her glasse,  
Gazing her beautie deign'd her by the skyes :  
And dooth not rather looke on him (alas)  
Whose state best shewes the force of murthering eyes.

The broken toppes of loftie trees declare,  
The fury of a mercy wanting storne :  
And of what force your wounding graces are,  
Vppon my selfe you best may finde the forme.

Then leauue your glasse, and gaze your selfe on mee,  
That Mirrour shewes what powre is in your face :  
To viewe your forme too much, may daunger bee,  
*Narcissus* chaung'd t'a flowre in such a case.

And you are chaung'd, but not t'a Hiacint ;  
I feare your eye hath turn'd your hart to flint.



## Sonnet XXX.

I once may see when yeeres shall wrecke my wronge,  
When golden haires shall chaunge to siluer wyer :  
And those bright rayes, that kindle all this fyre  
Shall faile in force, their working not so stronge.

Then beautie, now the burthen of my song,  
Whose glorious blaze the world dooth so admire ;  
Must yeelde vp all to tyrant Times desire :  
Then fade those flowres which deckt her pride so long.

When if she grieue to gaze her in her glas,  
Which then presents her winter-withered hew ;  
Goe you my verse, goe tell her what she was ;  
For what she was she best shall finde in you.

Your firie heate lets not her glorie passe,  
But Phenix-like shall make her liue anew.

Looke



## Sonnet XXXI.

Looke *Delia* how wee steeme the half-blowne Rose,  
The image of thy blush and Summers honor :  
Whilst in her tender greene she doth inclose  
That pure sweete beautie, Time bestowes vpon her.

No sooner spredes her glorie in the ayre,  
But straight her ful-blowne pride is in declyning ;  
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fayre :  
So clowdes thy beautie, after fayrest shining.

No Aprill can reuiue thy withred flowers,  
Whose blooming grace adorns thy glorie now :  
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying howers,  
Dissolues the beautie of the fairest brow.

O let not then such riches waste in vaine ;  
But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe.

But



## Sonnet XXXII.

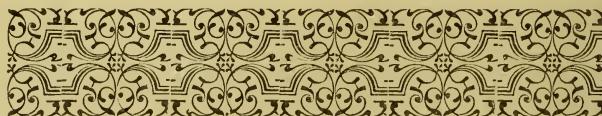
But loue whilſt that thou maift be lou'd againe,  
Now whilſt thy May hath fill'd thy lappe with flowers ;  
Now whilſt thy beautie beares without a ſtaine ;  
Now vſe thy Summer ſmiles ere winter lowres.

And whilſt thou ſpread'ſt vnto the ryſing funne,  
The faireſt flowre that euer ſaw the light :  
Now joye thy time before thy ſweete be dunne,  
And *Delia*, thinke thy morning muſt haue night.

And that thy brightnes ſets at length to weſt :  
When thou wilt cloſe vp that which now thou ſhoweſt :  
And thinke the fame becomes thy fading beſt,  
Which then ſhall hide it moſt, and couer loweſt.

Men doe not weigh the ſtalke for what it was,  
When once they finde her flowre, her glory paſſe.

When



## Sonnet XXXIII.

When men shall finde thy flowre, thy glory passe,  
And thou with carefull brow fitting alone :  
Receuied hast this message from thy glasse,  
That tells thee trueth, and faies that all is gone.

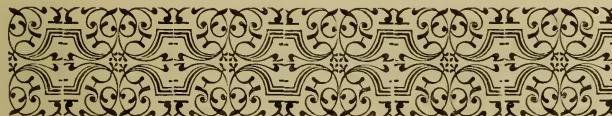
Fresh shalt thou see in mee the woundes thou madest,  
Though spent thy flame, in mee the heate remayning :  
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadest,  
My faith shall waxe, when thou art in thy wayning.

The world shall finde this miracle in mee,  
That fire can burne, when all the matter's spent :  
Then what my faith hath beene thy selfe shalt see,  
And that thou wast vnkinde thou maiest repent.

Thou maist repent, that thou hast scorn'd my teares,  
When Winter fnowes vpon thy golden heares.

F I

When



## Sonnet XXXIIII.

When Winter snowes vpon thy golden heares,  
And frost of age hath nipt thy flowers neere :  
When darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleares,  
And all lyes withred that was held so deere.

Then take this picture which I heere present thee,  
Limned with a Penfull not all vnworthy :  
Heere see the giftes that God and nature lent thee ;  
Heere reade thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee,

This may remaine thy lasting monument,  
Which happily posteritie may cherish :  
These colours with thy fading are not spent ;  
These may remaine, when thou and I shall perish.

If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby ;  
They will remaine, and so thou canst not dye.

Thou



## Sonnet XXXV.

Thou canst not dye whilſt any zeale abounde  
In feeling harts, that can conceiue theſe lines :  
Though thou a *Laura* haſt no Petrarch founde,  
In bafe attire, yet cleerely Beautie ſhines.

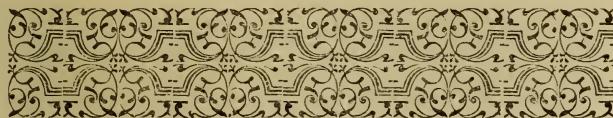
And I, though borne in a colder clime,  
Doe feele mine inward heate as great, I knowe it :  
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,  
I loue as well, though he could better ſhew it.

But I may ad one feather to thy fame,  
To helpe her flight throughout the faireſt Ile :  
And if my penne could more enlarge thy name,  
Then ſhouldſt thou liue in an immortall ſtyle.

But though that *Laura* better limned bee,  
Suffice, thou ſhalt be lou'd as well as ſhee.

F 2

O



## Sonnet XXXVI.

O be not grieu'd that these my papers should,  
Bewray vnto the world howe faire thou art :  
Or that my wits haue shew'd the best they could,  
The chasteſt flame that euer warmed hart.

Thinke not sweete *Delia*, this ſhall be thy shame,  
My Mufe ſhould found thy praife with mournefull warble :  
How many liues the glory of whose name,  
Shall reſt in yee, when thine is grau'd in Marble.

Thou maift in after ages liue esteem'd,  
Vnburied in these lines referu'd in purenes ;  
These ſhall intombe those eyes, that haue redeem'd  
Mee from the vulgar, thee from all obſcurenes.

Although my carefull accents neuer mou'd thee ;  
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

*Delia*



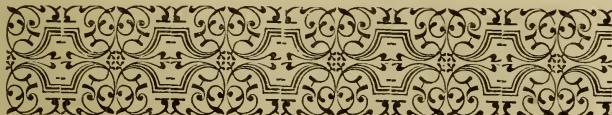
## Sonnet XXVII.

*Delia* these eyes that so admireth thine,  
Haue seene those walles the which ambition reared,  
To checke the world, how they intombd haue lyen  
within themselues; and on them ploughes haue eared.

Yet for all that no barbarous hand attaynde,  
The spoyle of fame deseru'd by vertuous men :  
Whose glorious actions luckely had gainde,  
Th' eternall Anualls of a happie pen.

Why then though *Delia* fade let that not moue her,  
Though time do spoyle her of the fairest vaile  
That euer yet mortallitie did couer ;  
Which shall instarre the needle and the trayle.

That grace, that vertue, all that seru'd t' in woman ;  
Dooth her vnto eternitie assommon.



## Sonnet XXXVIII.

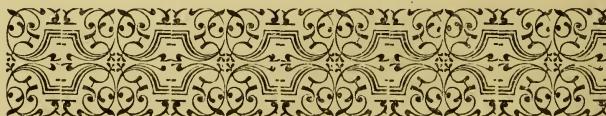
Faire and louely maide, looke from the shore,  
See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues :  
Poore soule fore-spent, whose force can doe no more,  
Now fende foorth hopes, for now calme pittie faues.

And wafte him to thee with those louely eyes,  
A happy conuoy to a holy lande :  
Now shew thy powre, and where thy vertue lyes,  
To faue thine owne, stretch out the fayrest hand.

Stretch out the fairest hand a pledge of peace,  
That hand that dartes so right, and neuer misses :  
Ile not reuenge olde wrongs, my wrath shall cease ;  
For that which gave me woundes, Ile giue it kisses.

Once let the Ocean of my cares finde shore,  
That thou be pleaf'd, and I may sigh no more.

Reade



## Sonnet XXXIX.

Reade in my face, a volume of despayres,  
The wayling Iliades of my tragicke wo ;  
Drawne with my bloud, and printed with my cares,  
Wrought by her hand, that I haue honoured so.

Who whilst I burne, she singes at my soules wrack,  
Looking a loft from Turret of her pride :  
There my soules tyrant ioyes her, in the fack  
Of her owne feate, whereof I made her guide.  
There doe these smoakes that from affliction ryse,  
Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame :  
A Sacrifice thrice gratefull to her eyes,  
Because their powre serue to exact the fame.  
Thus ruines she, to satisfie her will ;  
The Temple, where her name was honored still.

My



## Sonnet XL.

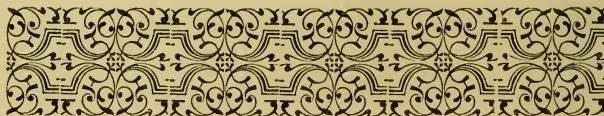
My *Cynthia* hath the waters of mine eyes,  
The ready handmaides on her grace attending :  
That neuer fall to ebbe, nor euer dryes,  
For to their flowe she neuer graunts an ending.

Th'Ocean neuer did attende more duely,  
Vppon his Soueraignes course, the nights pale Queene :  
Nor paide the impost of his waues more truely,  
Then mine to her in truth hau'e euer beene.

Yet nought the rocke of that hard hart can moue,  
Where beate these teares with zeale, and fury driueth :  
And yet I rather languish in her loue  
Then I would ioy the fayrest she that liueth.

I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,  
As now I taste in compas of complayning.

Howe



## Sonnet XLI.

How long shall I in mine affliction morne,  
A burthen to my selfe, distress'd in minde :  
When shall my interdicted hopes returne,  
From out despayre wherein they liue confin'd.

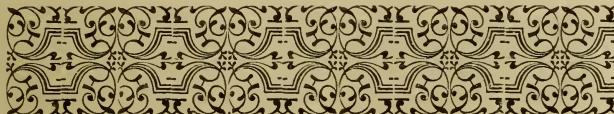
When shall her browe charg'd with disdaine,  
Reueale the treasure which her smyles impart :  
When shall my faith the happinesse attaine,  
To breake the yce that hath congeald her hart.

Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue dooth sommon,  
If loue in her hath any powre to moue :  
And let her tell me as she is a woman,  
Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue.

I knowe she cannot but must needes confess it,  
Yet deignes not with one simple signe t'expresse it.

G.

Beautie



## Sonnet XLII.

Beautie, sweete loue, is like the morning dewe,  
Whose shourt refresh vpon the tender greene,  
Cheeres for a time but tyll the Sunne doth shew,  
And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.

Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest florish,  
Short is the glory of the blushing Rose,  
The hew which thou so carefully doost nourish,  
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.

When thou surcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,  
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth :  
When tyme hath made a pasport for thy feares,  
Dated in age the Kalends of our death.

But ah no more, thys hath beene often tolde,  
And women grieue to thinke they must be old.



## Sonnet XLIII.

I must not grieue my Loue, whose eyes would reede,  
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smyle :  
Flowers haue a tyme before they come to feede,  
And she is young and now must sport the while.

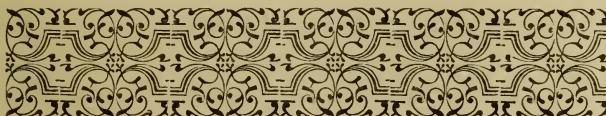
Ah sport sweet Mayde in season of these yeeres,  
And learne to gather flowers before they wither :  
And where the sweetest blossoms first appeares,  
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth smyles to cleere the clowded ayre,  
And calme the tempest which my sighes doe rayse :  
Pittie and smyles doe best become the fayre,  
Pittie and smyles shall yeeld thee lasting prayse.

I hope to say when all my grieves are gone,  
Happy the hart that sigh'd for such a one.

G. 2.

Drawne



## Sonnet XLIII.

Drawne with th' attractiue vertue of her eyes,  
My toucht hart tunres it to that happie cost :  
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lyes,  
The leuell of my hopes desired most.

There where my *Delia* fayrer then the sunne,  
Deckt with her youth whereon the world smyleth :  
Ioyes in that honour which her beautie wonne,  
Th'eternall volume which her fame compyleth.

Florish faire *Albion*, glory of the North,  
*Neptunes* darling helde betweene his armes :  
Deuided from the world as better worth,  
Kept for himselfe, defended from all harmes.

Still let disarmed peace decke her and thee ;  
And Mufe-foe Mars, abroade farre fostred bee.

Care-



## Sonnet XLV.

Care-charmer sleepe, sonne of the Sable night,  
Brother to death, in silent darknes borne :  
Relieue my languish, and restore the light,  
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.

And let the day be time enough to morne,  
The shipwrack of my ill-aduentred youth :  
Let waking eyes suffice to vvayle theyr scorne,  
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.

Cease dreames, th'yimagery of our day desires,  
To modell foorth the passions of the morrow :  
Neuer let rysing Sunne approue you lyers,  
To adde more grieve to aggrauat my sorrow.

Still let me sleepe, imbracing clovvdes in vaine ;  
And neuer wake, to feele the dayes disdayne.

G 3

Let



## Sonnet XLVI.

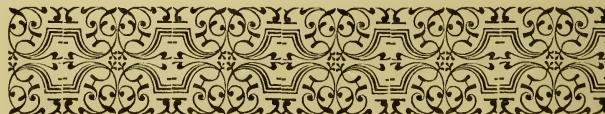
Let others sing of Knights and Palladines,  
In aged accents, and vntimely words :  
Paint shadowes in imaginary lines,  
Which well the reach of their high wits records ;

But I must sing of thee and thofe faire eyes,  
Autentique shall my verfe in time to come,  
When yet th'vnborne shall say, loe where fhe lyes,  
Whose beautie made him speake that els was dombe.

Thefe are the Arkes the Tropheis I erect,  
That fortifie thy name against old age,  
And these thy facred vertues must protect,  
Against the Darke and times confuming rage.

Though th'error of my youth they shall discouer,  
Suffice they shew I liu'd and was thy louer.

Like



## Sonnet XLVII.

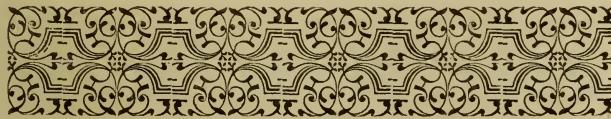
Like as the Lute that ioyes or els dislikes,  
As is his arte that playes vpon the same :  
So sounds my Muse according as she strikes,  
On my hart strings high tun'd vnto her fame.

Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,  
Which heere I yeeld in lamentable wife,  
A wailing deskant on the sweetest ground,  
Whose due reports giue honor to her eyes.

Els harsh my style, vntunable my Muse,  
Hoarce sounds the voyce that prayfeth not her name :  
If any pleasing realish heere I vse,  
Then iudge the world her beautie giues the same.

O happie ground that makes the musique such,  
And blessed hand that giues so sweete a tuch.

None



## Sonnet XLVIII.

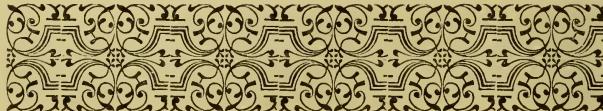
None other fame my vnambitious Muse,  
Affected euer but t'eternize thee :  
All other honours doe my hopes refuse,  
Which meaner priz'd and momentarie bee.

For God forbid I should my papers blot,  
With mercynary lines, with seruile pen :  
Praising vertues in them that haue them not,  
Basely attending on the hopes of men.

No no my verse respects nor Thames nor Theaters,  
Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great :  
But *Auon* rich in fame, though poore in waters,  
Shall haue my song, where *Delia* hath her seate.

*Auon* shall be my Thames, and she my Song ;  
Ile found her name the Ryuer all along.

Vnhappy



## Sonnet XLIX.

Unhappy pen and ill accepted papers,  
That intimate in vaine my chaste desiers,  
My chaste desiers, the euer burning tapers,  
Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fiers.

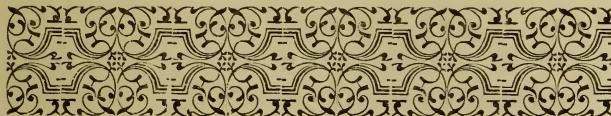
Celestiall fiers and vnrespecting powers,  
That deigne not view the glory of your might,  
In humble lines the worke of carefull howers,  
The sacrifice I offer to her sight.

But sith she scornes her owne, this rests for me,  
Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue :  
And so content me that her frownes should be  
To my'infant stile the cradle, and the graue.

What though my selfe no honor get thereby,  
Each byrd sings t'herselfe, and so will I.

H.

Loe



## Sonnet L.

Loe heere the impost of my faith vnfaining,  
That loue hath paide, and her disdaine extorted :  
Beholde the message of my iust complayning,  
That shewes the world how much my griefe imported.

These tributary plaintes fraught with desire,  
I fende those eyes the cabinets of loue ;  
The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire,  
From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.

Wherein I thus doe liue cast downe from myrth,  
Pensiue alone, none but despayre about mee ;  
My ioyes abortiuе, perisht at their byrth,  
My carres long liu'de, and will not dye without mee.

This is my state, and *Delias* hart is such ;  
I say no more, I feare I saide too much.

*FINIS.*



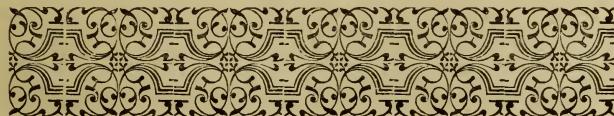
## An Ode.

Nowe each creature ioyes the other,  
Passing happy daies and howers :  
One byrd reports to another,  
In the fall of siluer showers,  
Whilst the earth our common mother,  
Hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heauen,  
With bright rayes warmes *Floras* lapse :  
Making nights and dayes both euen,  
Cheering plants with fresher sappe :  
My field of flowers quite be-reauen,  
Wants refresh of better happe.

H. 2.

Eccho

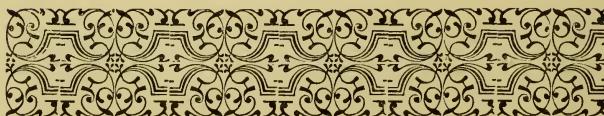


## Ode.

Eccho daughter of the ayre,  
Babbling gheste of Rocks and Hills,  
Knowes the name of my fearece Fayre,  
And soundes the accents of my ills :  
Each thing pitties my dispaire,  
Whilst that she her Louer kills.

Whilst that she O cruell Maide,  
Doth me, and my true loue dispise :  
My liues florish is decayde  
That depended on her eyes :  
But her will must be obaide,  
And well he 'ends for loue who dies.

*FINIS.*



# THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

( \* \* )

OUT from the horror of Infernall deepes,  
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,  
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,  
The spot where-with my kinde and youth did staine it.  
My body found a graue where to containe it.  
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,  
For Fame findes neuer tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worse, my soule is now denied,  
Her transport to the sweet Elision rest,  
The ioifull blisse for ghosts repurified,  
The euer-springing Gardens of the blest :  
Caron denies me waftage with the rest.

And faies, my soule can neuer passe the Riuver,  
Till Louers sighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe ; for how should I  
Procure this sacrifice amongst the liuing ?  
Time hath long since worne out the memorie  
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing,  
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.

ROSAMOND hath little left her but her name,  
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the fame.

B b

T H E   C O M P L A I N T

No Muse suggests the pitty of my case,  
Each pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint,  
Whilst others are preferd, though far more base ;  
*Shores* wife is grac'd and passes for a Saint ;  
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.

Her wel-told tale did such compassion find,  
That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

Which seene with griefe, my miserable ghost,  
(Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile,  
Which whilst it liu'd, was honored of the most,  
And being dead giues matter to bewaile.)  
Comes to sollicite thee (since others faile,)

To take this taske, and in thy woful song  
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,  
Toil'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,  
In others cares hath little time to vse,  
And therefore maist esteeme of mine the leffe :  
Yet as thy hopes attend happie redreffe,  
Thy ioies depending on a womans grace,  
So moue thy mind a wofull womans case.

DELIA

O F R O S A M O N D.

DELIA may hap to deigne to read our storie,  
And offer vp her sigh among the rest,  
Whose merit would suffice for both our glorie,  
Whereby thou might'ſt be grac'd and I be bleſt ;  
That indulgence would profit me the best.

Such power ſhe hath by whom thy youth is led,  
To ioy the liuing, and to bleſſe the dead.

So I (through beautie) made the wofull'ſt wight,  
By beautie might haue comfort after death :  
That dying faireſt, by the faireſt might  
Find life aboue on earth, and reſt beneath.  
She that can bleſſe vs with one happie breath,  
Giue comfort to thy Muſe to do her beſt,  
That thereby thou maift ioy, and I might reſt.

Thus faid : forth-with mou'd with a tender care,  
And pittie, (which my ſelfe could neuer find,) What ſhe desir'd, my Muſe deign'd to declare,  
And therefore, will'd her boldly tel her mind.  
And I (more willing,) tooke this charge affignd,  
Because her grieves were worthy to be known,  
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own :

THE COMPLAINT

Then write (quoth she) the ruine of my youth,  
Report the down-fall of my flippry state,  
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,  
To teach to others what I learnt too late.  
Exemplifie my frailty, tell how Fate

Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,  
And ere they come, to know the tis forbidden.

For whilst the fun-shine of my fortune lasted,  
I ioyd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate  
That euer yet imperious beauty tasted,  
I had what glory euer flesh could get :  
But this faire morning had a shamefull set.

Disgrace darkt honor, sin did clowd my brow,  
As note the sequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The bloud I staind, was good and of the best,  
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame :  
Nature and Fortune ioin'd to make me blest,  
Had I had grace t'have knowne to vse the fame.  
My education shew'd from whence I came,  
And all concord to make me happie furst,  
That so great hap might make me more accurst.

Happie

O F R O S A M O N D.

Happie liu'd I whilst parents eie did guide  
The indiscretion of my feeble waies,  
And Country home kept me from being eide,  
Wher best vnknown I spent my sweetest daies :  
Til that my friends mine honor fought to raiſe  
To higher place, which greater credit yeelds,  
Deeming ſuch beauty was vnfitt for feelds.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,  
From calme to stormes, from ſhore into the deepes :  
There where I perifh'd, where my youth firſt err'd,  
There where I lost the flowre which honor keepes ;  
There where the worfer thriues, the better weepes ;  
Ah me (poore wench) on this vnhappy ſhelfe,  
I grounded me and caſt awaie my ſelfe.

From thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,  
With rareſt prooſe of beautie euer ſene :  
When my reuiuing eie had learnt the truth,  
That it had power to make the winter greene,  
And flowre affections whereas none had beene ;  
Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,  
And make the world do homage to mine eies.

T H E   C O M P L A I N T

For age I saw, (though yeeres with cold conceit,  
Congeald their thoughts against a warme desire,)  
Yet sigh their want, and looke at such a baite.  
I saw how youth was waxe before the fire.  
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.

Yet wel perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then  
The enuie of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,  
Drawes all mens eies with wonder to behold it ;  
Or as the saddest tale at fuddaine hearing,  
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,  
So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it.

So did the blazing of my blush appeare,  
T'amaze the world, that holds such fightes so deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,  
Sweet silent rhetorique of perswading eies :  
Dombe eloquēce, whose power doth moue the bloud,  
More then the words, or wifdome of the wife ;  
Still harmony, whose diapason lies

Within a brow, the key which passions moue,  
To rauish fence, and play a world in loue.

What

O F R O S A M O N D.

What might I then not do whose power was such?  
What cannot women do that know their power?  
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)  
Howe bliffe or bale lies in their laugh or lowre?  
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,  
    Whilst nature decks them in their best attires  
    Of youth and beautie which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beautie was mine owne,  
No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke:  
That new-found shame, a finne to vs vnknowne,  
Th'adulterate beauty of a falded cheeke:  
Vilde staine to honour, and to women eke,  
    Seeing that time our fading must detect,  
    Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, chasities abator,  
Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest:  
Treason to counterfeit the seale of nature,  
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the hiest.  
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest.  
Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wife,  
    And all that honour thee idolatrise.

Far

T H E   C O M P L A I N T

Far was that sinne from vs whose age was pure,  
When simple beauty was accounted best,  
The time when women had no other lure  
But modestie, pure cheeks, a vertuous brest.  
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.  
These were the weapons which mine honor wun  
In all the conflicts which my eies begun.

Which were not small, I wrought on no meane obiect,  
A Crowne was at my feet, Scepters obeide me,  
Whō Fortune made my King, Loue made by subiect,  
Who did command the Land, most humbly praid me,  
HENRIE the second, that so highlie weigh'd me,  
Found well (by proofe) the priuiledge of beautie,  
That it had powre to counter-maund all dutie.

For after all his victories in FRAVNCE,  
And all the triumphes of his honor wun :  
Vnmatch'd by fword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,  
And hotter wars within his brest begun.  
Wars, whom whole legions of desires drew on :  
Against all which, my chaftitie contends  
With force of honour, which my shame defends,

No

O F R O S A M O N D.

No armour might be found that could defend,  
Transpearcing raies of Christal pointed eies :  
No stratagem, no reason could amend,  
No not his age ; (yet old men should be wife.)  
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.

Let none for seeming so, thinke saints of others,  
For all are men, and all haue fuckt their mothers.

Who would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer  
Obeyd his hand-maid of so meane estate ;  
Vultur ambition feeding on his liuer,  
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date,  
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.

For such a daintie which his youth found not,  
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce a-lot.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutelie good,  
For that some croffe stil counter-checks our luck ;  
As heere behold th'incompatible blood,  
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck :  
Whose lothing, we from natures brests do fuck,  
As opposite to what our bloud requires.  
For equall age, doth equall like desires.

C c

But

T H E C O M P L A I N T

But mightie men, in hiest honour fitting,  
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :  
Sooth'd in their liking, careleffe what is fitting,  
May not be suffred once to thinke the're old :  
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.

Miserable fortune to forget so farre  
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needes excuse so great defect  
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,  
H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect  
Of maiestie, whereon his state relies :  
And now of loues, and pleasures must deuise.

For thus reui'd againe, he serues and su'th,  
And feekes al meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,  
So well incamp'd in strength of chast desires :  
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchast louer.  
The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,  
I lesser priz'd then chastities attires.

Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adorne,  
Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And

O F R O S A M O N D.

And safe mine honour stood, till that in truth,  
One of my sexe, of place, and nature bad,  
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.  
One in the habite of like frailty clad.  
One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.  
A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull monster,  
As by her words the chaster fort may conster.

She set vpon me with the smoothest speech  
That court and age could cunningly deuise :  
Th'one autentique, made her fit to teach,  
The other learnt her how to subtelise.  
Both were enough to circumuent the wife.  
A document that well might teach the sage,  
That ther's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said she,) behold thy happie chaunce,  
That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,  
Whereby thou maist thy honor great aduance,  
Whilst thou (vnhappie) wilt not see thy hap :  
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,  
T'oppose thy selfe against thine own good fortune,  
That points thee out, & feemes thee to importune.

### THE COMPLAINT

Doost thou not see, how that thy King (thy *Ioue*,)  
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate :  
And showres down gold & treasure from aboue,  
Whilst thou doost shut thy lap against thy fate ?  
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late

The error of thy youth, that canst not see  
What is the fortune that doth follow thee

Thou must not thinke thy flowre can alwaiies florish,  
And that thy beauty will be still admired :  
But that those raies which all these flames do nourish,  
Canceld with Time, will haue their date expired,  
And men will scorne what now is so desired.

Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,  
Which flourish now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,  
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow,  
I haue been faire, (I must confesse the truth,)  
And stood vpon as nice respects as thou ;  
I lost my time, and I repent it now.

But were I to begin my youth againe,  
I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine :

But

O F R O S A M O N D.

But thou hast yeers, and priuiledge to vse them,  
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great seale,  
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,  
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.  
Esteeme not Fame more then thou doost thy weale.  
Fame, (wherof y<sup>e</sup> world seems to make such choice,) Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,  
In th'imaginarie lists of reputation ?  
Titles which cold feueritie hath found vs,  
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation :  
Melancholies opinion, Customes relation ;  
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hel to the faire,  
To leauue the sweet, for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,  
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne :  
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,  
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had fowne :  
And manie haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.  
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,  
Whereof the wifest haue esteemed least.

T H E   C O M P L A I N T

The subtile Citty-women, better learned,  
Esteeme them chaste enough that best feeme so :  
Who though they sport, it shal not be discerned,  
Their face bewraies not what their bodies do ;  
Tis warie walking that doth safeliest go.

With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,  
Babes are beguild with sweets, & men with showes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,  
And let not honour from thy sports detract :  
Thou must not fondly think thy selfe transparent,  
That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact,  
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.

And feeme the chaste, which is the chiefest arte,  
For what we feeme each see, none knowes our hart.

The mightie, who can with such finnes dispence,  
In steed of shame do honors great bestow :  
A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,  
And makes the scarlet finne as white as fnow.  
The maiestie that doth descend so low,  
Is not defilde, but pure remaines therein,  
And being sacred, sanctifies the sin

What

O F R O S A M O N D.

What, doost thou stand on this, that he is old ?  
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon.  
Thy pleasures want shall be suppli'd with gold,  
Cold age dotes most when heat of youth is gone :  
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.  
Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,  
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt she leaues me in a doubt,  
When loe began the combat in my blood,  
Seeing my youth inuirond round about,  
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood ;  
Small my defence to make my partie good,  
Against such powers which were so surelie laid,  
To ouer-throw a poore vnskilfull Maid.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,  
To fel my selfe to lust, my soule to sin :  
Pure blushing shame was euen in retiring,  
Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in.  
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,  
Whē cleaner thoughts my weaknes gan upbray  
Against my selfe, and shame did force me say;

Ah

T H E C O M P L A I N T

Ah ROSAMOND, what doth thy flesh prepare?  
Destruction to thy daies, death to thy fame;  
Wilt thou betraie that honor held with care,  
T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name?  
Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame?  
Opening thy feet to finne, thy soule to lust,  
Gracelefse to lay thy glorie in the dust?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to fwallow thee,  
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,  
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,  
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed;  
Suffring thy selfe to be by lust misled;  
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,  
That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to inioy the aire,  
Then that thou breath'st the breath of chaftitie:  
Longer then thou preferu'st thy soule as faire  
As is thy face, free from impuritie.  
Thy face that makes th'admired in euerie eie,  
Where Natures care such rarities inroule,  
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damme thy soule.

But

O F R O S A M O N D.

But what? he is my king and may constraine me,  
Whether I yeeld or not, *I liue defamed.*

The world will thinke authoritie did gaine me,  
I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed.  
We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.

And if I yeeld, tis honourable shame,  
If not, *I liue disgrac'd*, yet thought the same:

What waie is left thee then (vnhappie maid,)  
Whereby thy spotlesse foote, maie wander out  
This dreadfull danger, which thou feest is laid,  
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?  
Thy simple yeeres cannot resolute this doubt.

Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,  
But (in despight) some scandale wil be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equallie precize,  
Til my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to fin;  
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,  
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,  
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.

And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,  
That though I finn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

D d

So

T H E C O M P L A I N T

So well the golden balls cast downe before me,  
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :  
Wherat my retchlesse youth stooping to store me,  
Lost me the gole, the glorie, and the day.  
Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play,  
And bade me vse the vertue of mine eies,  
For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonise.

Thus wrought to sin, soone was I traind from Court,  
T'a solitarie Grange, there to attend  
The time the King should thither make resort,  
Where he Loues long-desired worke should end.  
Thither he dayly messages doth send,  
VVith costlie Iewels (Orators of Loue,)  
VVhich (ah too well men know) do women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,  
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought ;  
So rare, that arte did seeme to striue with nature,  
T'expresse the cunning work-mans curious thought ;  
The mysterie wheroft I prying sought,  
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,  
*Amymone*, how she with *Neptune* stroue.

*Amymone*

O F R O S A M O N D.

*Amymone*, old *Danaus* fairest Daughter,  
As she was fetching water all alone  
At *Lerna*: whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,  
From whom she striu'd and strugled to be gone,  
Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone.  
But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go,  
Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,  
At those proude feet, not satis-fied with prayer :  
Wayling her heauie hap, cursing the day,  
In act so pitious to expresse despaire.  
And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire.  
Her teares vpon her cheeke (poore carefull gerle,)  
Did seeme against the Sunne christall and pearle.

VVhose pure cleer streams, (which lo so faire appears;)  
VVrought hotter flames, (O miracle of loue,)  
That kindles fire in water, heat in teares,  
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue,  
Teaching afflicted eies affects to moue ;  
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,  
But crueltie, which yeelds unto no prayer.

### T H E   C O M P L A I N T

This hauing viewd, and therewith something moued,  
Figured I find within the other squares,  
Transformed *Io, Joves* deerelie loued,  
In her affliction how she strangely fares.  
Strangely distress'd (O beautie, borne to cares.)  
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eies,  
Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

These presidents presented to my view,  
Wherein the prefage of my fall was showne,  
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,  
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.  
But fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.  
For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,  
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,  
Then miseries unkend before they come :  
Who can the characters of chaunce deciper,  
Written in cloudes of our concealed dome ?  
Which though perhaps haue been reuealed to some,  
Yet that so doubtfull, (as succeſſe did proue them,) )  
That men must know they haue y<sup>e</sup> heauens aboue the<sup>ē</sup>.

O F R O S A M O N D.

I saw the sinne wherein my foot was entring,  
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,  
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring,  
Yet had I not the powre for to defend it.  
So weake is fence when error has condemn'd it.

We fee what's good, and thereto we confent,  
But yet wee choose the worst, and foone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnes,  
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.  
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnes  
And dreadfull black had dispossess'd the cleere,  
Com'd was the night, (mother of sleepe and feare;)  
Who with her Sable-mantle friendly couers  
The sweet-stolne sports of ioifull meeting Louers.

When loe, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,  
And felt the hand of lust most vndesired :  
Enforc'd the vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,  
Which yeelds no mutuall pleasure when tis hired.  
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.  
Judge they who are vnfortunately wed,  
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

T H E C O M P L A I N T

But soone his age receiu'd his short contenting,  
And sleepe feald vp his languishing desires :  
VVhen he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,  
Into my selfe my waking thought retires :  
My nakednes had prou'd my fences liers.

Now opned were mine eies to looke therein,  
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I find myselfe vnparadis'd,  
From thosse pure fields of my so cleane beginning :  
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduif'd,  
My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of finning,  
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.

For nature checks a new offence with loathing,  
But vse of finne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of finne did worke in me a boldnes,  
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,  
That iealousie increas'd with ages coldnes,  
Fearing to loose the ioie of all his weale,  
Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,  
H' is drieren to deuise some subtill waie,  
How he might safeliest keepe so rich a praie.

O F R O S A M O N D.

A statelie Pallace he foorth-with did build,  
Whose intricate innumerable waies,  
With such confusid errours so beguild  
Th' vnguided entrers with vncertaine straies,  
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delaies,  
With bootleffe labour leading them about,  
Able to find no waie, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,  
That seru'd a Center to that goodlie round :  
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,  
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the grouē  
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,  
T' intertwaine the fence of wanton eies,  
Fuel of loue, from whence lusts flames arise :

Heere I encloſ'd from all the world afunder,  
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,  
The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,  
Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a cafe :  
None but the king might come into the place,  
With certayne Maides that did attend my need,  
And he himſelfe came guided by a threed.

T H E C O M P L A I N T

O Iealousie, daughter of Enuy' and Loue,  
Most wayward issue of a gentle fire ;  
Fostred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,  
Mirth-marrying Monster, borne a subtile lier ;  
Hatesfull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire :  
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,  
Happie were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou entertest by,  
Condemning trembling passions to our hart ;  
Hundred eyed *Argus*, euer-waking Spie,  
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleasures smart,  
Eniuious Obseruer, prying in euery part ;  
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,  
O would to God y<sup>t</sup> loue could be withuot thee.

Thou didst deprive (through false suggesting feare,)  
Him of content, and me of libertie :  
The onely good that women hold so deere,  
And turnst my freedome to captiuitie,  
First made a prisoner, ere an enemie.

Enioynd the ranfome of my bodies shame,  
Which though I paid, could not redeeme the same.

What

O F R O S A M O N D.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,  
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?  
For what is beauty if it be not seene?  
Or what is't to be seene, vnlesse admir'd?  
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd?

Neuer were cheeks of Roses, locks of Amber,  
Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,  
(Like as the fire for heat, the Sun for light:)  
The faire do hold this priuiledge as due  
By ancient Charter, to liue most in fight,  
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.

In vaine our friends from this, do vs dehort,  
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Witnes the fairest streets that Thames doth visite,  
The wondrous concourse of the glittering Faire:  
For what rare women deckt with beauty is it,  
That thither couets not to make repaire?  
The solitary Country may not stay her.

Heere is the center of all beauties best,  
Excepting DELIA, left t'adorne the West.

E e

Heere

T H E   C O M P L A I N T

Heere doth the curious with iudicall eies,  
Contemplate beautie gloriouſlie attired :  
And herein all our chiefest glorie lies,  
To liue where we are praif'd and most desired.  
O how we ioie to see our felues admired,  
Whilſt niggardlie our fauours we discouer.  
We loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foot had neuer mou'd  
From Countrie safetie, from the fields of rest :  
To know the danger to be highlie lou'd,  
And liue in pompe to braue among the best,  
Happie for me, better had I beene bleſt ;  
If I vnluckilie had neuer Straide,  
But liu'd at home a happie Country Maide.

Whose vnaffectēd innocencie thinks  
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtlie liuer :  
She's deckt with truth, the Riuver where ſhe drinks  
Doth ferue her for a glaffe, her counfell giuer :  
She loues ſincerely, and is loued euer.

Her daies are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath,  
(True life that knowes not what's to die til death.)

So

O F R O S A M O N D.

So should I neuer haue beene registred,  
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate :  
Nor had my name enrold with Maides misled,  
Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.  
Nor had I taught (through my vnhappie fate,)  
    This lesson (which my self learnt with expence)  
How most it hurts that most delights the fense :

Shame followes finne, disgrace is duly giuen,  
Impietie will out, neuer so closely done :  
No walls can hide vs from the eie of heauen,  
For shame must end what wickednes begun ;  
Forth breaks reproch when leaft we think theron.  
    And this is euer proper vnto Courts,  
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what his most secret hidden,  
Entring the closet of the Pallace dweller :  
Abroad reuealing what is most forbidden.  
Of truth and falsehood both an equall teller.  
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.  
    The sword of iustice cannot cut her wings,  
Nor stop her mouth from vtt'ring secreit things.

T H E C O M P L A I N T

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,  
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :  
The wronged Queen, who could so closely deale,  
That she the whole of all our practise learned,  
And watcht a time when leaſt it was diſcerned,  
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,  
With ſuch reuenge as ſhe diſired long.

The Laberinth ſhe entred by that threed,  
That feru'd a conduct to my abſent Lord,  
Left there by chance, refuru'd for ſuch a deed,  
Where ſhe ſurpriz'd me whom ſhe fo abhord.  
Enrag'd with madnes, Scarce ſhe ſpeakes a word,  
But flies with eager furie to my face,  
Offring me moſt vnewomanly diſgrace.

Looke how a Tygreffe that hath loſt her whelpe,  
Runs fiercely raging through the woods astray :  
And ſeeing her ſelfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,  
Furiouſly affaults what's in her way,  
To ſatisfie her wrath, (not for a pray ;)  
So fell ſhe on me in outragious wife,  
As could diſdaine and iealousie deuife.

And

O F R O S A M O N D.

And after all her vile reproches vf'd,  
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,  
To end the life that had her so abus'd,  
And free her feares, and easse her iealous thought.  
No crueltie her wrath would leauue vnwrought,  
    No spightfull act that to reuenge is common ;  
    (No beast being fiercer than a iealous woman. )

Here take (faith she) thou impudent vncleane,  
Bafe gracelesse strumpet, take this next your hart ;  
Your loue-sick hart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene  
With pleasures surfeite, must be purg'd with arte.  
This potion hath a power that will conuert  
    To nought, those humors that oppresse you so.  
    And (Gerle,) Ile see you take it ere *I* go.

What stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe ?  
Tremble you (minion ?) come dispatch with speed ;  
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lack,  
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed ;  
Those daintie fingers needs must do the deed.  
    Take it, or I will drench you els by force,  
    And trifle not, least that I vse you worse.

### T H E   C O M P L A I N T

Hauing this bloodie doome from hellish breath,  
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast:  
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,  
Presenting me the horror of my last;  
All hope of pitie and of comfort past.

No means, no power, no forces to contend,  
My trembling hands must giue my self my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had been,  
They must give death that me adorn'd of late,  
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,  
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,  
That bodie which my lust did violate,  
Must sacrifice itselfe t'appease the wrong.  
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,  
But foorth she rushes, (proud with victorie,)  
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,  
Except of Death, which she had left with me.  
(Death and my selfe alone togither be.)

To whom she did her full reuenge refer.  
Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then

O F R O S A M O N D.

Then straight my conscience summons vp my sin,  
T'appeare before me, in a hideous face ;  
Now doth the terror of my soule begin,  
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place  
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace ;  
    Whilst I remaine opprest in euery part,  
    Death in my bodie, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,  
The bed that likewise giues in euidence  
Against my soule, and tels I was vnchaift,  
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed fence.  
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,  
    Must heere the right of heauen needes satisfie,  
    And where a wanton lay, must wretched die.

Heere I began to waile my hard mishap,  
My fuddaine, strange vnlookt for miserie.  
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,  
To giue me such a fall of infamie.  
And poore distressed ROSAMOND, (said I,)  
    Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne  
    In Dezarts, where no eare can heare thee morne ?

Nor

T H E C O M P L A I N T

Nor any eye of pittie to behold  
The wofull end of thy fad tragedie ;  
But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vntold,  
Must here in secret silence buried lie.  
And with thee, thine excuse togither die.

Thy sin reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,  
Thy shame aliuē, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of mone,  
Tell th'ayre thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.  
And though thou perish defolate alone,  
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well :  
Vtter thy grieve wherewith thy foule doth fwell.

And let thy hart pittie thy harts remorse,  
And be thy selfe the mourner and the Corfe.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,  
With silence onely, and a dying bed ;  
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,  
Did glorious liue, admir'd and honoured :  
And now from friends, from succor hither led,  
Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,  
And in disgrace, forc'd heere to yeeld thy breath.

Did

O F R O S A M O N D.

Did Nature (O for this) deliberate  
To shew in the the glory of her best ;  
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,  
And made thy face the foe to spoile the rest ?  
O beautie, thou an enemy profest

To chaftitie and vs that loue thee most,      lost ?  
Without thee how w're loathd, and with thee

O you that proude with libertie and beautie,  
(And ô may well be proude that you be so,)  
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie ;  
O that I might to you but ere I goe  
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,  
To keepe your feet in pure clean paths of shame,  
That no inticing may diuert the fame.

See'ng how against your tender weaknes still,  
The stregth of wit, of gold, of all is bent ;  
And all th'affaults that euer might or skill,  
Can giue against a chaste and clean intent :  
Ah let not greatnes worke you to consent.

The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,  
Kings cannot priuiledge a sinne forbade.

### T H E C O M P L A I N T

Lock vp therefore the treasure of your loue,  
Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame :  
And let no powers haue powre chaste thoughts to moue  
To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.  
` Open to thosse the comfort of your flame,  
Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,  
In thosse pure waies that lead to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,  
Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride  
Haue cauf'd, whilst that ambition vainely weds  
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside :  
Whilst married but to titles, we abide  
As wedded widowes, wanting what we haue,  
When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,  
The sweet of youth in plotting in the aire ;  
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime ;  
Or wither as vnprofitably faire,  
Whilst thosse decaies which are without repaire,  
Make vs neglected, scorned and reprou'd.  
(And ô what are we, if we be not lou'd ?)

Fasten

O F R O S A M O N D.

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,  
Leaſt this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,  
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,  
And clowde with infamie your beauties fhine :  
Seeing how many feeke to vndermine  
The treafurie that's vnpoſſeſt of any :  
As hard tis kept that is defir'd of many.

And flie (ð flie,) these Bed-brokers vncleane,  
(The monsters of our sexe) that make a pray  
Of their owne kind, by an vnkindly meane ;  
And euen (like Vipers,) eating out a way  
Th'row th'wombe of their owne shame, accursed they  
Liue by the death of fame, the gaine of fin,  
The filth of lust, vncleannes wallowes in.

O is it not enough that we, (poore wee)  
Haue weaknes, beautie, gold, and men our foes,  
But we must haue ſome of our felues to bee  
Traitors vnto our felues, to ioyne with thoſe ?  
Such as our feeble forces doe diſcloſe,  
And ſtil betray our cauſe, our shame, our youth,  
To luſt, to follie, and to mens vntruthe ?

T H E   C O M P L A I N T

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes,  
Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight :  
Vngracious Agents in a wicked cause,  
Factors for darknes ; messengers of night,  
Serpents of guile, diuels, that do invite  
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,  
Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we be.

You in the habite of a graue aspect,  
(In credite by the trust of yeeres,) can shooe  
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct  
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,  
Hauing (your lothsome felues) your youth spent so.  
And in vncleannes euer haue beene fed,  
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you, haue beene the innocent betraid,  
The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto sin,  
The wife made subtile, subtile made the maid,  
The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin :  
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been.  
Confus'd our race, and falsi-fied our blood,  
Whilst fathers sonnes, posseſſe wrong Fathers good.

This

O F R O S A M O N D.

This and much more, I would haue vttred then,  
A testament to be recorded still,  
Signd with my bloud, subscrib'd with Conscience pen,  
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.  
And ô I wish (by th' example of my will,)  
    I had not left this sin vnto the faire,  
    But dyde intestate to haue had no heire.

But now the poison spread through all my vaines,  
Gan dispossesse my liuing fences quite :  
And nought respecting death, (the last of paines,)  
Plac'd his pale colours, (th' ensigne of his might,)  
Vpon his new-got spoile before his right ;  
    Thence chac'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,  
    When I least thought my ioies could end so foone.

And as conuaid t' vntimely funerals,  
My scarse cold corfe not suffred longer stay,  
Behold, the King (by chaunce) returning, fals  
T' inconnter with the same vpon the way,  
As he repaird to see his dearest ioy.

Not thinking such a meeting could haue been,  
To see his Loue, and seeing beene vnseene.

### THE COMPLAINT

Judge those whō chance deprives of sweetest treasure,  
What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere :  
The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,  
The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.  
What passions feeles that hart, inforc'd to beare  
    The deepe impression of so strange a fight,  
    That ouerwhelms vs, or confounds vs quite ?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares,  
Words had no passage, teares no issue found,  
For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares,  
Confus'd affects each other do confound :  
Oppreffd with griefe, his passions had no bound.  
    Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come ;  
    For light cares speak, whē mighty griefs are dombe.

At length extremity breakes out a way, [ded,  
Through which th' imprifoned voice with teares atten-  
Wailes out a sound that sorrowes do bewray,  
With armes a-crosse, and eies to heauen bended,  
Vaporing out sighes that to the skies ascended.  
    Sighes, (the poore ease calamity affoords,)  
    Which serue for speech whē sorrow wanteth words.

O F R O S A M O N D.

O heauens (quoth he,) why do mine eies behold  
The hatefull raies of this vnhappy funne ?  
Why haue I light to see my finnes controld,  
With blood of mine own shame thus vildly done?  
How can my sight endure to looke thereon ?

Why doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,  
That from mine eies, my hart cannot abide ?

VVhat saw my life, wherein my soule might ioy,  
VVhat had my daies, whom troubles stil afflicted,  
But only this to counterpoize annoy ?  
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted ;  
This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted ;  
    This, that did season all my sowre of life,  
    Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,

Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,  
Diffention in my blood, iarres in my bed :  
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,  
Spending the night in horror, daies in dread ;  
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)

These miseries go mask'd in glittering shewes,  
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus

### THE COMPLAINT

Thus as these passions do him ouerwhelme,  
He drawes him neere my body to behold it.  
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme  
With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it.  
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,  
Viewing the face that euen death commends,  
On fencelesse lips, millions of kissons spends.

Pittifull mouth (faith he) that liuing gauest  
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish :  
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,  
This sorrowing fare-well of a dying kisse.  
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,  
Motives of loue, borne to be matched neuer,  
Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinks I see Death dallying seekes,  
To entertaine it selfe in Loue's sweet place ;  
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekes,  
Do yet retaine deere notes of former grace :  
And vglie Death sits faire within her face ;  
Sweet remnantes resting of vermillion red,  
That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder

O F R O S A M O N D.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue these plaints,  
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee :  
For loe, my soule that now alreadie faints,  
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee,)  
Hastens her speedie course to ouer-take thee.

Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,  
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die ?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,  
Reuenge doth sweeten death with ease of minde :  
And I will cause posteritie shall know,  
How faire thou wert aboue all women kinde.  
And after-ages monuments shall finde,  
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,  
Rose of the world that sweetned so the same.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,  
(For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer,)  
He doth represse what grieve would else bewray,  
Least he too much his passions should discouer.  
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer.  
So farre transported that he knew not whither,  
For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill togither.

G

Then

### T H E   C O M P L A I N T

Then were my funerals not long deferred,  
But done with all the rites pompe could deuise,  
At *Godstow*, where my bodie was interred,  
And richly tomb'd in honourable wife,  
Where yet as now scarce any note descryes  
Vnto these times, the memorie of mee,  
Marble and Braffe so little lasting bee.

For those walls which the credulous deuout,  
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found ;  
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,  
That time their works should euer so confound,  
Lie like confus'd heapes as vnder-ground.  
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,  
The wiser ages do account as follie.

And were it not thy fauourable lynes  
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,  
And that thy accents willingly affignes,  
Some farther date, and giue me longer dayes,  
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praiſe.  
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,  
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime.

Then

O F R O S A M O N D.

Then when confusion in her course shall bring,  
Sad desolation on the times to come :  
When mirth-leffe Thames shal haue no Swan to sing,  
All Musique silent, and the Mufes dombe.  
And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,  
That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,  
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But here an end, I may no longer stay thee,  
I must returne t' attend at *Stigian* flood :  
Yet ere I go this one word more *I* pray thee,  
Tell DELIA, now her sigh may doe me good,  
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.  
And if *I* passe vnto those happie banks,  
Theē she must haue her praise, thy pen her thanks.

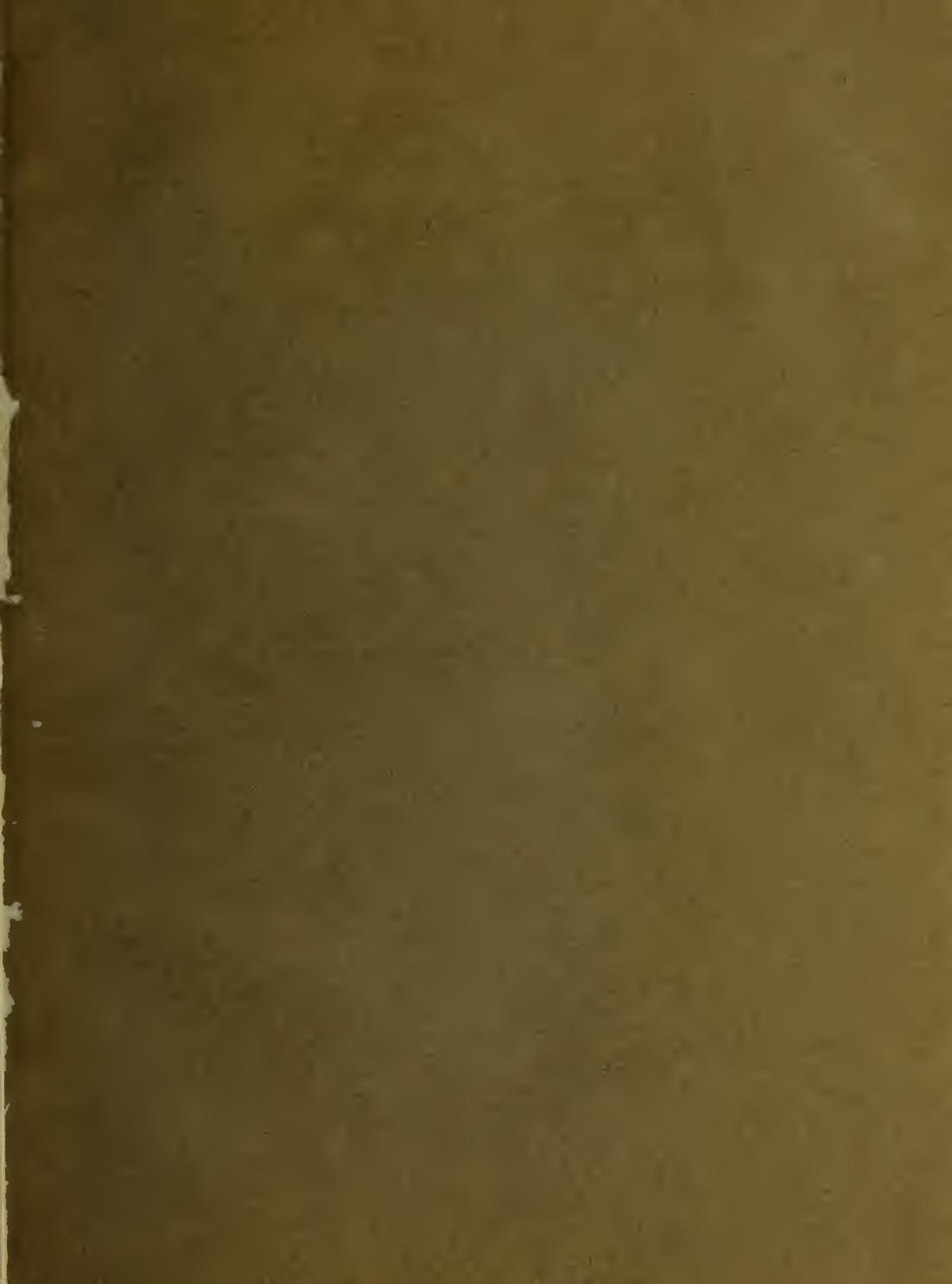
So vanquisht she, and left me to returne  
To prosecute the tenor of my woes :  
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne,  
But (ah) the world hath heard too much of those,  
My youth such errors must no more disclose.  
Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene,  
Who made me known, must make me liue vnseene.

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